

1608/2847.
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THE
HISTORY

OF THE
Rise, Progress, and Tendency
OF
PATRIOTISM,

Drawn from a close Observation of
the Conduct of many of our late
illustrious PATRIOTS.

WITH
A curious DISSERTATION on the DISEASES
and CURES of PATRIOTS.

Necessary to be read by all Freeholders and
Voting Families of all Kinds.

Dedicated to the Rt. Hon. the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

By a FREEHOLDER.

Quantum mutatus ab illo
Hector

VIRG. *Æneid.* Lib. 1.

The Third Edition.

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HISTORY

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Rice, Proctor, and Company



Drawn from a whole collection of
the conduct of many of our late
liberal patrons.

A careful examination of the
and current of the
Nothing to be feared, all the
Young friends of all ages

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TO the RIGHT HONOURABLE

P H I L I P,

Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

Secretary of STATE,

Knight of the most Noble Order of the
GARTER, &c.

My Lord,

IT has been the Privilege of Authors, Time immemorial, when they had finished a Piece for the publick View, to fix upon any Patron they should think proper, and without Let or Molestation bepraise him all over, while they had a single Grain of Panegyrick left in their Storehouses; and very often till they put him to the Blush, while they with a Gravity, unconscious of Dulness or Offence, have gone calmly on in the antient, well-beaten Road of Dedications, marching in a Cloud of Incense of their own raising. This laudable Custom puts me in mind of an Account I have read of, used by the Inhabitants of some of the *Philippine-Islands*, who, at a certain Time, fixed on a

particular Man, to whom for a Season they performed divine Honours, though, in something, an odd Way : He was raised up on a Scaffold to the general View, and then they set fire to a Parcel of Aromatick Gums and Woods, whose Smoke surrounding him, like *Milton's* Fire in Hell, above, below, and on all Sides, he soon was murdered by Worship, and killed with Kindness ; and then his Body, when imbalmed, was exposed to publick View, the Deity and Martyr of his Worshippers.

But fear me not, my Lord, I come with no Incense, you are safe from me ; I do not intend to say one Word of your Virtues, for that Subject is quite trite, having been handled by most who know you, and could write, and believed by all who have heard of you. As I affect something new in all my Ways, I come prepared to tell you of your Faults, how agreeable it may be to you I know not ; but if I may judge of you by the rest of Mankind, I do not apprehend the Undertaking can give you the greatest Pleasure.

Though, perhaps, you will not start at my mentioning your Faults, yet, I dare say, all that know you will ; then let me be concise, and tell them and you, that your Crimes may be conceived in one Word, **MONOPOLY**. How often have you declaimed against such Practices, how resented not only the Action, but even the Attempt of it, and yet you yourself make a Monopoly of all the moral and social Virtues, all the Learning and Politeness, all the Talents natural and acquired sufficient to set up one hundred of our moderate Nobility, who are by your Affluence become Bankrupt. Who did that noble Action ? Lord *Chesterfield*. Who determined in that point of Learning ? And so of all other Questions worth asking, the constant and
iterated

D E D I C A T I O N.

v

iterated Answer would still be, Why, who d'ye think? Why the Lord *Chesterfield*. These are your Transactions in *England*, and this the general Opinion, to the Prejudice of Hundreds; but not content with this, and any reasonable Man may, you must get the good Graces of *Holland*, and then crossing the Water to *Ireland*, set a whole Kingdom mad in love with you, swearing to all they conversed with, that you were more their Friend than they could hope or desire, but infinitely much more so than they could deserve.

Here are some of the Faults laid upon you by the Moderns, the Antients have as much to complain of if they could speak, but since they cannot, I will for them. The two greatest Orators of *Rome* and *Athens* you have robbed of their Honour. It was the *Gracian's* Talent to reason, and apply to the Understanding, the *Roman's* to rouse up the Passions; here you see one of each Nation was content to practise with a single Talent; but insatiable you cannot be content without a double Excellency; for this Truth I appeal, at the Peril of *Scandalum Magnatum*, to the House of Peers; where you have with a Torrent of Eloquence, set all the Passions of those with hearing afloat, like the plundered *Tully*, and then, probably, when no more could be expected from any one Man, you have thundered upon them all the substantial and convictive Argumentation of a *Demosthenes*, breathing out *Phillipics* against Tyranny, and Inroad upon Liberty. Say your Self, Guilty or not? but deny it as you will, I have a Cloud of Witnesses against you.

As you were born a Senator, I would allow you a tolerable Share of Oratory; but nothing like what you have taken to yourself.—What have you to do
with

with Poetry? Could not poor *Horace*, who for seventeen hundred and odd Years, maintained, unrivalled, his Superiority of Spirit and Politeness, escape you? You share Fame with him, and shew the World that Odes can be written with as much Poignancy and Life in *English* as in *Latin*. I do not know but the great Scarcity of Wit amongst us Moderns is owing to you, who have ingrossed it all to yourself, for to tell your Lordship the Truth, though every Man of us privately thinks he has got some Stock of it for his own Use, there is not one of us will allow this of another, and they say, the Stander-by sees more than the Gamester.

But though you have been industrious to do us poor Authors so many Injuries as the taking of our *Parnassian* Estate from us, Nature and Providence has made us some Recompense, by bringing you into the World a Nobleman, and a Man of Fortune; for had you been plain Mr. *Philip Stanhope*, and obliged to live by your Wits, as most of us do, *Lintot* would have been ruined by *Pope's* Works, and *George Faulkner* had begged by this Time, if he had ventured upon the great *Swift's* Miscellanies; but for me; and others like me, the *Poeta Minores*, we could make a Shift by dying Speeches, Ghosts and dismal Ditties, to live without herding with you, for I know among the Booksellers, nothing would have gone down but *Stanhope's* Writings.

Now, my Lord, for a serious Word: What, in the Name of Goodness, do you keep about you so many useless Virtues and Accomplishments for? Be liberal, and share one tenth of them amongst the World, that really wants them, and even then, We may stand a Chance of being rich. Your Probity I would have you keep as well as your Knowledge

Knowledge in Politics, because they may be, as Things are circumstanced, of Use to the King and Country: Your connubial Love distribute largely about the Precincts of *St. James's*, you cannot do a greater Charity. Spare some of your Learning to the very superior and very inferior Clergy, and of your Oratory to the Gentlemen of the long-Robe, who will, for such a Present, pray for you, as often as they do for themselves. And as to us Authors, give a Portion of your Wit and Money, for the World begins to say, we are very dull, and we perceive ourselves to be very poor: And in the Division of this Dole, let me cry out in the Words of *Elijah* at the taking up of his Master into Heaven, "Give me a double Portion of thy Spirit,"—and then I shall not care a Farthing for your Money.

But, truly, my Lord, upon more mature Consideration, I think, if you have sufficient Interest, for this exquisite Piece, you may, upon a Vacancy, make, one, Poet Laureat, though I write nothing but Prose: But you are sensible that, by late Experiment, there is Prosaick Verse as well as Versifick Prose, therefore pray remember me at a proper Occasion, and be assured, the Birth-day, New-Year, &c. Odes being sung or said, I will be-ode you to some Tune.

I will say nothing of this Piece which I present to you, if you like it, it is good, if not, it cannot fail of being; bad in the Eyes of all Mankind, for most People make it a Fashion to judge like you.

I have not said much of myself as yet, which is a high Omission in the Style dedicatorial; therefore one Word on that Subject and then I will retire. It is, my Lord, the Cant of Authors,
though

though not a Soul, not even our Bookseller believes us, that we have no Vanity, it is a plaguey Lye; we are vain, but I profess myself the Vainest of the whole Tribe since my Vanity will no otherwise be satisfied than by informing the World in this Manner, that I have Taste and Sense enough to be,

My Lord,

Your Admirer,

And most obedient,

And most humble Servant,



The AUTHOR.

T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F
P A T R I O T I S M.

S E C T. I.

IN all Undertakings, new in their Nature, and arduous in their Execution, the Projector is commonly well assured, be his Intentions never so generous and extensive, if unsuccessful, to be laughed at; and if fortunate to be envied by half Mankind. To this unhappy Reflection is owing the extream Scarcity of Authors and Projectors with which our Country is cursed at this Juncture. In better, and more judicious Times than these, Elaboratories were erected, Alchemy encouraged, Transmutation and the Philosopher's Stone in the first Repute, Lotteries frequent, and South-Sea Directors lolling in Velvet Chariots, eating in Plate, swilling Burgundy, and snoring in Down: Then were the Pamphlet-Shops filled with Wit, the Booksellers Counters laden with Heroicks, Epigrams in every Hand, and Musick and *Celia's* in every Mouth, but alas! *Tempora mutantur*.——Sad is the Reverse, Religion and solid Learning so take up the Town, that an Author scarcely ventures to write once a Month, although it

is evident we have now about Town as delicate a Set of them as ever were the Wonder of the learned and unlearned World, the Ornaments of Society, and at first the Idols, and at last the Contempt and Martyrs of the Bookfellers.

Though I shall pay no Compliment myself to my Resolution and Intrepidity, who have Courage enough to write at such a Period, and on such a Subject; yet, I am sure the Reader will; *Hæc manus ob patriam.*——I am determin'd; and as I am well convinced, I shall have all my dear Brethren, whether Criticks, or Poets of *Grub street* Garrets, Colleges, Inns of Court, &c. on my Side, who will doubtless approve my publick Spirit, I'll boldly on, and though I undertake a most inviduous as well as most difficult Task, I will persevere in the Integrity of my Heart, and to the last Grain of my Learning, whether collected from Translations, Coffee-House Discourses, or more private Hearsay, investigate the Rise, Progress and Tendency of *Patriotism*, a Subject handled by few or none with any Degree of Spirit or Sincerity.

I am not insensible that I shall disgust some, and those Great Ones, by bringing to Light what hath shun'd the Day for some Ages, or has been monopolized by some for their own private Advantage, but in Proportion as I prefer the publick Good to the Interest of any one Individual, so shall I collect all my Courage to treat undauntedly on this great Truth, *Patriotism*; for never were People more in the dark than at present, never was Truth more wanted, and never did Truth sleep so long in Obscurity, either by the Age's Inability, or Cowardice, or both.

Patriotism has been conceived and defined two different Ways, both by the Antients and Moderns, and as their Conceptions of it may tend much to the clearing up the following Discourse, I shall present them



them to the Reader in their native Words, without either Ornament or Mutilation.

Some define it thus: *Patriotism* is a certain Turn of Mind and Spirit drawn from Reason and Observation, which determines a good Man at all Events, to prefer the publick Happiness to his own private Welfare, and to sacrifice for it, when necessary, both his Life and Fortune.

This Definition has the general Approbation, and all Men who appear in Publick Affairs affect to have this thought their Sense of that Civic Virtue, or rather Completion of Virtues, *Patriotism*; to the Understanding it in this Manner was owing the strange and unaccountable Sacrifices some of the earliest Heroes made, as it is excellently expressed by the *Romans*, *Aris & Focis* to Religion and their Family; but let it be observed, that the Word Family was taken in a more extensive Meaning by them than by us, the whole State was considered by them as only one Family, of which each Hero was a Member, and obliged to give up all private Considerations to the general Good. Were Family taken by us in the confined Sense of a Wife, some Sons and Daughters, and Allies of one particular Man, we can in our Days point out some of the greatest Patriots that ever the World produced, who sacrificed not only the Publick, but their Souls, Bodies, Probity and Shame to the Support and Aggrandizing one Set of People. — The second Definition, to the true Sense of which most of the greatest Men have strictly adhered, is this: *Patriotism* is a bloated Sound delightful to the Ears of the great Vulgar and the Small, ever in the Mouths of those who would, at the Expence of the Multitude, enrich and elevate themselves, Children, Brothers, Sisters and Confederates. To this Species of *Patriotism* we may ascribe the Destruction of States and Communities, the Subversion of Kingdoms, De-

throning of Kings, the Loss of publick Credit, fruitless Debates and Negotiations, Rebellions and Murders, Places and Pensions, Stars and Garters, Axes and Halters, Carts and Coaches, with a long *Et cætera* of several other very useful and ornamental Matters, which I shall hereafter treat of.

It is no easy Matter to trace *Patriotism* to its Fountain Head, for either no such Thing existed in the Beginning of Things, *Principio rerum*, as *Justin* expresseth it, or, at least, for many Ages History is silent upon that Topick. This Difficulty makes it the more worthy of Enquiry; for to resolve Difficulties has been always observed to be most agreeable to Mankind. The Head of the *Nile*, which was in vain sought by the Ancients with much Fatigue, Expence and Difficulty, was, within these few Years, found out accidentally by Father *Jerome Lobo*, a *Portuguese* Jesuit; and why may not I, by some lucky Accident, hit off this perplexed Subject?

After much Time and Observation I found out, that, according to my first Definition, *Patriotism* has its Origine from true Fortitude and an universal Benevolence. *Codrus* the King, as we read in *Trogus Pompeius*, a great big Book, which it is no Matter if you never see, being told by an Oracle, that nothing but his Death could make his Kingdom victorious over an Enemy they were at that Time engaged with, urged on by Fortitude and Benevolence, disguised himself like a Wood-cutter, quarrelled with a private Gentleman Soldier, and was by him run thro' the Lungs, to the Grief and Triumph of his People. Here was indeed a Patriot King, and I believe from hence the ingenious Mr. *Cibber* took the Hint of a Patriot King, as he sweetly sings in one of his New-Year Odes.

The next Patriot that appears to us in History like a Raw-Head-and-Bloody-Bones, is called *Zopyrus*, a Commander

Commander under *Darius* King of *Persia*, who, when *Babylon* held out obstinately against his Master, and that Force was in vain; the Colonel, for I can't suppose by his Courage and Fidelity he could bear a lower Commission, cuts off his Nose and Ears, flies to the Walls of the City, complains of the Cruelty of *Darius*, tells them what they are to expect, spirits them up to an invariable Opposition, begs their Protection, and then offers his humble Service to them. They were deceived, admit him, and he, in Return, betrays the Town to *Darius*. Though he was a Patriot, and that I, from the very Bottom of my Heart, respect all such, yet I think the Mangling a little premature, and that he should have received those Badges of Honour after he had performed the Exploit. Upon Reflexion, I don't think the Action beyond Example amongst us, even Authors and others the good People of *Great Britain*, who, though we do not cut off our Ears and Noses with our own Hands, yet venture to put them in Peril of the secular Hand of 'Squire Catch, either by speaking or writing.

Some Adepts in Politicks, of my Acquaintance, in most of the Coffee-Houses in this Metropolis, are of Opinion, which I reverence for their Sake, that most of our truly illustrious, modern and cotemporary Patriots should, at the publick Charge, be *Zopyrized*, and these honourable Badges conferred on them in some conspicuous Place; that their Countrymen may with Joy and Gratitude, see they are not willing to spend their Breath and Ink only, but also their Blood for the Emolument and Safety of the Common-Weal. In the joyous Reign of *Charles* the Second, we had a very well executed Instance of this Honour being conferred, by Orders of that most gracious and merciful Prince the Duke of *York*, afterwards *James* the Second, on *Coventry*, who having paid his Highness some Compliments on his glorious Conduct, the
Duke

Duke commanded some of his Bosom and trusty Friends, by the *Latins* called *Sicarii*, by us Cut-throats, to ornament the Gentleman in the Manner of the *Persian* Hero, with the Mutilation of Nose and Ears. This Action, though condemned by some prejudiced People, is, I think, a Mark of that Prince's Tendernefs and Clemency; for the same Quantity of Breath that pronounced Sentence against his Nose and Ears only, might have been employed to prescribe the cutting of his Throat, or strangling him *a-la-mode de Sir Edmondbury Godfrey*.

Amongst the *Romans*, we have a *Curtius* leaping into a Gulph to serve his Fellow Citizens; a *Cocles* defending a Bridge against an Army; a *Mutius Scævola* burning his Hand for missing his Aim at the Common Wealth's Enemy; *Porfenna* the *Horatii* devoting themselves to a certain Danger, and most uncertain Victory for the Good of the State; *Brutus* stabbing his beloved *Cæsar* in the Cause of Liberty, and fighting at *Philippi* with a Foreknowledge of the Death he met there; *Cicero* under a Conviction of the inevitable Danger, if *Antony* was victorious, declaiming against him; and *Cato* dying by his own Hand, not rashly, but coolly and deliberately to avoid seeing his Country enslaved, and himself involved in the common Ruin. All these Hero's acted upon the Principle of the first Definition, Fortitude and Benevolence; but the Notions are now Unfashionable, the World is grown wiser, Men have different Conceptions of Honour, and think living is better than dying; for, indeed, as *Falstaff* phrases it, "What Honour hath the Man that died last *Wednesday*." I will not deny but that Benefit has arisen to Mankind from these antique, exploded, obliterated Thoughts and Actions; but as we have but very few that hold them in any Reverence, much less think proper to imitate them, we must even be content with such as we

we have, make a Virtue of Necessity, take our Patriots as they come, even as *Hobson* hired his Horses, *This or none*.

The second Species of Patriotism has its Rise from Self-sufficiency, Discontent, Ambition or Avarice, its Aim is equally the same, though it rise from different Parents, and varies only according to the Constitution and Complexion of its Possessor; as for Example, if the Patriot is of a melancholy Complexion, he affects much Gravity in his Looks and Actions, much Importance in his Visage, and few Words in his Mouth, his Conversation monosyllabic, and generally is confined to a Peremptory, Yes or No: if he happens to be in the Right, which sometimes may happen, he is steadily so; if in the Wrong, which is too often the Case, he perseveres unalterably so to the End of the Chapter.

The Patriot of Choler is all Thunder and Lightning, raves of Redress of Grievances, Blood and Battle is his Delight, his Voice is sonorous, his Eye open and gloring, all his Motions violent, and his Passions always on the Float: He scorns too much Consideration, and does all Things extempore.

The Man of a sanguine Complexion, conceives or misconceives all Words, Sentiments, and Argumentations with great Promptitude; you are not to expect to find him long of any one Opinion; and as the Camelion reflects the Colour it stands on, so you may by a little curious Observation of his Discourse readily conclude what Company he has last been in; for he is certainly tinged more or less with their Notions. Such a Man is of great Use to the other Constitutions; for let them but thoroughly imbue him with their Thoughts, and make a Shift, to convince him that he is doing Right, they'll find him the Hand, the executing Hand of any of their Purposes.

The

The phlegmatick Gentleman is, of all, the Person of greatest Consequence to himself, and in his private Thoughts, to the Publick; all that he does is slow and deliberate, *cunctando restituit rem*, he loves to argue a Matter over fifty Times, and reply and re-join, and then consider and then to it again; a great Friend to peaceful Meetings, loves solemn Faces, and greatly delights in the noble Gravity of a *Dutch* Burgo-Master, he asks the same Question over an hundred Times, and Snail-like hastens to a Resolution. But his chief Excellence is, that he has a most happy Method of puzzling and perplexing whatever he speaks on, and can confound Truth and Verisimilitude with so much Address and Art that he must be Master of a tolerable Sagacity who can detect the Falsities of his Sophisms; he hears attentively all you have to say, as if he intended Conviction, or at least Instruction, and then determines to follow his own Notions of the Matter, which he had conceived before you began your Harangue, this is a most valuable Member of a Party and is generally the commanding Officer under the Man of Choler.

This physical Disquisition, I am assured, must give great Delight, as well as Improvement, to the Reader, whom I respect so much, that I have been at much Expence of Time, and six-penny Volumes of judicial Astrology and medicinal Collections to come at such a perfect Knowledge of the System as well human as political. I doubt not but that when the Academy of Sciences at *Paris* shall order some of their Members, as they certainly will, to translate this very judicious and elaborate Piece for the Improvement of their Country-Men, I shall receive their Compliments publicly for this useful Discovery.

S E C T. II.

AFTER having so learnedly and plenarily discussed the Rise of *Patriotism*, I should now proceed to shew its Progress, and indeed it is right, it should be so; but I find myself strangely inclined to that favourite Part of Writing with us, the learned Moderns, a Digression; and what should hinder it, gentle Reader, there is no body but you and I here, and it may be a Secret to all the World except those who read this Book, and then I shall be as well acquainted with, and put as much Confidence in them as I do in you. You cannot conceive what a refreshing Relief a Digression is both to the Author and Reader: It is a Bait upon the Road for Man and Horse, a Pipe and Bottle after Dinner, a Bit between Meals, or a Nap between sleeping Times. Hence it is that many of my dear Contemporaries have begun a Digression in their second Page and carried it on within a Paragraph of that delightful Word to Writer and Reader, FINIS. An illustrious Instance of this may be seen in that celebrated Piece, called an Apology for the Life of Mr. *Colley Cibber*, written by himself, Out-doing all Out-doings, except the Works of my learned and ingenuous Friend Mr. *Edmond Curl*, Biographer and Will-maker General of *Great-Britain* and *Ireland*.

There is another great and almost inexpressible Blessing in a Digression; which is, that it requires little or no Trouble from the Author or Attention from the Reader, it begets in both a certain Serenity or rather Stagnation of Reflection, and so the Student of these Pieces has no more to do, but to fix his Eyes on the Letters, and peruse the Author's Thought, or no Thought, with a Quietism of Soul, till he gets into the Road of the Subject again: And

for the Author's Part his greatest Trouble is the manual Operation of Writing, for the Head has no Concern in it: But as I think it a little too soon for Digression, I'll check my Inclination, get into the Road and drive on with the Subject with all my Might, till I begin to tire and then for Digression again—And now confess honestly, my new Acquaintance and Reader, do you not find yourself relieved and fitted for the more learned Parts of this Discourse after the passing thro' these two very ingenuous anodyne Paragraphs.

It is a Maxim in Philosophy, that all Objects dilute, dissipate and grow Faint in Proportion to their Distance from the Eye; this is pretty much the Case of *Patriotism*: We found it first much about the Time of the *Median* and *Persian* Monarchies, and it must not then be wondered at, that it had lost its elastick and propelling Force by the Time it had travelled as far as the End of the *Roman* Consulate, tho' it is the Opinion of many that it grew languid before it arrived at that Period; for a more familiar and less philosophic Instance, suppose a Vessel of Water poured upon a dry Piece of level Ground, where the first Force of Water fell, you see a Pond, then it spreads into small meandring Rivulets, then into little Rills, and in a little Time by its Dispersion it is quite absorbed, and not to be seen; so the first Patriots greedily imbibed the Principles of publick Love, but by Degrees it was all sucked up, and now, alas! little of it remains, or perhaps none at all, and it is as *Ovid* elegantly and most concisely describes Eccho, *Vox & præterea nihil*.

At its first Arrival amongst the *Romans*, it found a *Numa*, and a *Tarquinius Priscus*, really its Votaries; but *Tarquin* the proud, and others equally good and great, soon stopped its Progress. It had some little Play in the Consulate, but *Caius Marius*, and
Sylla

Sylla soon gave it a Diversion, tho' they professed themselves firm Friends. *Julius Cæsar* gave the finishing Stroke; for after he had harangued, written, and battled in the Cause of Liberty, which is another Name for *Patriotism*; he did as most Patriots do, turn it all to his own Account, and with his *Facta est Alea*, upon passing the *Rubicon*, and his prosperous Fight of *Pharsalia* proclaimed himself perpetual Dictator, and afterwards Emperor. In this he was pretty happily imitated by our *Oliver Cromwell*, who under the Pretence of pulling down Tyranny became popular, and afterwards the most insufferable of Tyrants. I doubt not, but we have some alive now, who would with a very good Grace cry out, as they often do, against Oppression, and if successful, and fixed in Power, be themselves the greatest Oppressors.

To *Cæsar* succeeded *Antony*, *Crassus*, and *Lepidus*, who, in the true Spirit of *Patriotism*, for the Good of their Country, tore it to Pieces, and drenched it in Blood; and thus, except in some little Intervals, continued the *Roman* State down to the Time of *Didius* the *Roman* Attorney, or Councillor, no Matter which, who bought the Empire with as sedate a Heart, and as composed a Countenance as a Jockey buys a Horse at *Smithfield*, or a true modern Patriot, a Burrough in the West.

At what particular *Æra* it came into *Great Britain*, is not certainly determined; its first memorable Appearance, was in the Reign of King *John*, when his Barons contended with him for Liberty, and for Liberty only; for I do not read of one of them, who had turned his Thoughts on a Gold Key, a white Staff, or any other Ensign of Royal Favour; for the Contest finished and *Magna Charta* granted, they returned to their Duty, and served as honest Subjects should, without confined Views, or private Hopes or Interests. In the Court of *Elizabeth*, it flourished

in full Vigour; for by the prudent, as well as as popular Management of *Cecil, Walsingham, Raleigh, &c.* the Court loved the Conuntry, and the Country the Court, and their only Contest was, which should oblige each other the most. Taxes were paid with Chearfulness, even beyond the Royal Demand; in-somuch, that if we may believe Tradition, the Queen returned back, and would not accept several Subsidies offered. *Spain* and all the Enemies of *England* were humbled; the distressed States of *Holland* were raised, and freed from the *Spanish* Yoke, and the Majesty of *England*, the Arbitress of Europe. And shall we not hope to see these Days return? Why not? we have a King on the Throne, convinced of the unakerable Love and Loyalty of his People; a People satisfied of his paternal Care and Affection to them. His Royal Son Commander of our Forces, the Royal Family full of Heirs; and honest, generous, and wise Men at the Head of Affairs. I can foretel, without the Gift of Prophecy, that our modern Patriots will by Degrees dwindle and come to nothing: Places and Pensions, will be the Rewards of Merit only, and the little Butter-fly Sycophant at Court, be heartily the Averfion and Contempt of the Court.

The Progress of Patriotism being spoken to, it is now Time, to observe its Tendency; and in this Part, I shall not use any invidious Examples, nor point at particular Persons, but only with all Plainness and Sincerity deliver what I have gathered from my own Observation, on the Conduct of Patriots in my Days.

S E C T. III.

TH E Tendency and Direction of Patriotism, as I before observed, amongst the Ancients, was for publick Good; but as its Progress suffered its Alterations

Alterations, so of Necessity must its End; for if a Traveller strikes from off the strait Road, to the Right or Left, and pursues that Line, it is natural to suppose, that his Journey will have some other End than that at first proposed. The general System then of Patriotism being altered, it certainly must become another Thing, and certainly so it is; for private Views engulph and draw into their Vortex all Considerations, for the universal Welfare.

Popularity is, and should be the first and chief Aim of the modern Patriot; for the Approbation of the Multitude easily silences, or at least overbears the Disgust of the Few, and let any Man be assured, that if he can get the Mob on his Side, he stands a fair Chance to have his Fooleries or Knaveries overlooked for many prudential Reasons. So have I seen in *Leicester-Fields*, the ingenious Doctor *Rock*, M.D. harrangue the motly Herd of laced Hats, and scarlet Shoulder-Knots and Brass Buttons; Capuchins and Straw Hats; Velvet Waist Coats, and Leather-Aprons; whilst not a Breath has interrupted him, while he sung or said forth the Infallibility of his Panaceas and wonder-doing *Nosstra*; when not far from him, have I seen one of the Apostles of the Rev. Mr. *Whitfield*, while he descanted thro' the Nose, and demonstrated with his restless Hands, Righteousness and Judgment to come; persecuted by the *Gentile* Crowd, first with Hollos, and then with Kennel-Dirt, dead Dogs and Turnip-Tops.

To atchieve this Happiness of Popularity, it will be necessary for the Patriot, to inquire into the Sentiments, Affections and Aversions of the Gross of the People, and thence form his Conduct; though as this may be a Task a little too troublesome, let him be always on the Side of Opposition and Perverseness, and he can scarcely avoid giving full Content; this I know my self by Experience. I was acquainted

acquainted with a Cocker in a Country Parish, who was the Idol of the whole Village, because, let the 'Squire propose what he would, he was sure to oppose it. At all Parish Meetings, he was the most Loud and Drunken, and generally abused the Church-Wardens and Sides-Men, before the worshipful Assembly broke up, and by his own *Ipse Dixit*, silenced any Reason which could be offered against his Opinion: Now his Courage in thwarting the 'Squire, and his Learning, in confuting the Church-Wardens, had so effectually gained the Parishioners Hearts, that, I was assured, a young Man applying for a Grammar-School, in the Gift of the Parish, was examined in *Latin* and *Greek* by this extraordinary Person, who could scarcely read, by the Order of the Heads of the Parish, and by his Approbation, which was bought at the Price of Five Guineas, was inducted into a School of 40 l. a Year.

Now, since these Things, are so, what should not a Man, setting out into the World with great Views, do to attain so valuable a Property and Popularity, which always confers Power, and Power, Preferment; the great End of speaking, railing, writing circular Letters, and drowning half a Country, at least twice a Year, in *March* Beer and Punch. For Popularity are not Feasts given, and Bonfires made? For this bleeds the well flesh'd Buck, and new pierc'd Hogsheads; for this the Ball is given to the Burgeesses Wives, and Money to buy Gloves into the Bargain; for this is given, &c. &c. &c.

To convince the World, great and small, that he is possessed of this Jewel, Popularity, the Patriot may without the least Imputation to his Honour, use several laudable Pieces of Address; let some trusty Servant, when he is coming to Town, get a Day's Journey before him, and pay the Ringers of half a Dozen Parishes, to begin at a certain Signal, and when

when asked what's the Matter, as should a Neighbour say, *How John*, what d'ye ring for? Have we beaten the *French* in *Flanders*, sunk their Fleet, or taken *Paris*? Now he readily replies, no, no, vastly better by half, noble 'Squire *Somebody* is coming to Town, i'cod he'll tell 'em their own, he's not meally-mouthed; but come my Lads, away with the *Grand Bob*, he'll be here immediately, and to't again: In the Midst enter the 'Squire in his Coach and Six, and he too wants to know the Reason of the Bells, and when told, for you are to observe, he knows nothing of the Matter; he sends to stop them, it is an Honour he does not deserve, &c. Stop! no, the Devil a Bit, they know a Trick worth two of that, at last he orders them Money to have done, and all is quiet.

Next I would advise, that all the Ale-Houses that his Servants use, be directed to make Bone-fires, and that the Landlords have the same Answer in their Mouths as the Ringers; let a Barrel or two be given to the Mob, to disturb the Neighbourhood 'till Midnight, that they may be sure to know his Honour is come, and to crown all, let a Paragraph in this Style, at the Expence of—no matter who—be inserted in one of the daily Papers, I would advise the *General Advertiser*, because the Collector of it has a delightful Hand at a Panegyrick of three or four Lines, viz.

Yesterday Evening about Six o'Clock, arrived at his House in ——— Street, that most worthy Patriot, and excellent Orator, Nicodemus Somebody, Esq; he was received before he came into Town by several Persons of Distinctions (that is his Taylor, Chandler, Butcher, &c.) the Bells of several Parishes rung out, which he with his usual Modesty ordered to be stopped, but in Spite of his Endeavours to prevent such Compliments, the Neighbourhood was illuminated, the
Populace,

Populace regaled with several Barrels of Beer, and his Health was drank within Doors, by several Persons of Consequence and Note, (that is by his own and his Neighbour's Footmen.) I would not have the Reader think I take the Merit of this Contrivance to myself, no, it is what I have known practised upon the like Occasions.

While he resides in Town, Opposition must be his invariable Principle, and his Partizans must fill all the Coffee-Houses and Taverns, with the noble Struggles he makes, for Liberty and Property, and no Excise. For himself, a little Ill-manners to his Superiors, and treating them with Contempt in all his Conversations will be requisite, and an affected Humility to all that he is sure is below him, will clench the Matter, and make him as popular as Heart can wish.

This Popularity is the natural Premise to a Power over the Hearts and Understanding of the Rout; for who can refuse his Approbation to that praise-worthy Creature, who give daily Evidence of his Contempt, for all Mankind except himself, and those who think and act exactly like himself; and let me tell you, as a Secret, that Virtues pretty Similar to those just now spoken of, are naturally implanted in the Minds of most Classes of Mankind, especially those of the lower Class: For Humanity and Benevolence, with most, passes for Cowardice and Diffidence, a Fear of offending, and a Dread of Correction; while the more sublime Talents of Contempt and Obloquy bear, for aught I know, justly, the Styles of Courage, Resolution and Intrepidity. This Truth is evinced every Day by common Practice, for step but to *Billingsgate*, and you shall see a female *Demosthenes* thunder out *Philipics* against her more modest and silent Neighbour, who for her pusillanimous De-meanour is the Contempt of the learned Auditory; whilst

whilst the vociferous Oratress has the Plaudits and Affections of all the matriculated Members of that antient School of Virtue Academy of Sciences, and true Fountain of the vulgar Tongue.

Well, said *Socrates* to a young Man brought to him to be instructed in Philosophy, *Speak that I may see you*; for in our Words we generally depaint the Actions of our Mind; and indeed, the Use of Words is no other but affixing certain known Sounds to certain Ideas: But I fear it would be a little too much an Imposition on a modern Patriot to be obliged to deliver the very Sentiments of his Heart, in Words whose common Acceptation may too evidently explain his Meaning; therefore I think it but right that he shall have a Power of joining what Words he pleases to his Ideas, *e. g.* Redress of Grievances, we understand to be a Method of easing the Publick from some Load that lies heavily upon them; but he shall, if he pleases, be understood to say, it is a grievous Thing that I am out of the Ministry; publick Accounts should be inspected; is, I want a Place in the Treasury. Bribery, Corruption, Male-Administration, Blunders, &c. shall signify, Zoons, why am not I Prime Minister! I cannot find but I have as good a Right to corrupt, bribe, plunder, and ruin the Nation as any he that werrs a Head.

But the varying the Sense of Words, is not permitted to him alone, for some of our late Patriots hanged or beheaded, took the same Liberty of altering not only the Sound, but the Sense of Things: What we called a Plot, they modestly termed a Consultation; we called that an unnatural Rebellion, which they stiled a Meeting for the Recovery of Right. A Rebel in New Prison with us, was with them a Friend in Distress; with us a Traitor Lord in the Tower, with them a great Man under Misfortunes; with them the Person calling himself the

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Duke

of *Cumberland*, with us his Royal Highness our Deliverer, and the Darling of these Kingdoms; and lastly, him whom they dignified with the Style of C—— P—— Regent, we term a cowardly attainted Vagabond, the Tool of *France* and Jest of *Europe*. I could proceed much farther in my Instances, but I fear to tire the Reader, because I am almost tired myself.

Having considered the Use of Words, or Sounds, call them which you please, I am naturally led to speak upon the Subject of my Patriot's Oratory: If we take it as apprehended by many of our learned Pedants, it is, an happy Composition of Words and Arguments, whereby the Passions are affected, and the Reason convinced. But this so seldom falls to one Man's Share, that it would be too heavy a Task upon any one Gentleman to excel in Sense and Sound, for every Speaker is not obliged to be a *Chesterfield*, or a *Pit*; therefore I think one of the Talents of Speaking or Reasoning, is enough for my Patriot, and for his Ease I would recommend the first, viz. Speaksng only. This Qualification is without much Difficulty arrived at by a little Practice; let him begin in his own private Family, several very pretty argumentative Altercations may pass between him and his Lady; and to the Credit of our Ladies be it spoken, they very few Days of their Lives leave a Husband at a Loss for a Subject to harangue on, and then the Replies and Rejoinders, that are bandy'd about by the loving and ingenious Couple, will soon qualify his Honour to recapitulate with a mannerly Acerbity, when he plays the Orator in publick. It will, perhaps, be objected to me, that it were absolutely necessary that Words should be supported by sound Sense; I know many are of that Opinion, but I can produce a living Instance to the contrary, in the Reverend, Learned and Loyal Mr. J—— *Henly*, who

who has for many Years supported himself, his Assertions, his Servants, and his Oratory-shop near *Car* market, by Words only; and as he is, and we have his own Word for it, the greatest Orator alive, I apprehend his Example amounts to Conviction.

S E C T. IV.

THE sole Tendency and ultimate View of *Patriotism* among the Antients, was a laudable Desire of Fame, to be acquired by brave and virtuous Actions, performed for the Benefit of Mankind; and this Doctrine was so strongly inculcated in the Youth of those Times, that Death, dressed in its most fearful Shape, attended by all its Horrors, was smiled at and despised by the Man who extended his Prospects beyond it, and had his Eyes fixed on eternal Fame; Fame was then the *summum Bonum*, and he was looked upon as a poor-spirited Wretch, who could be shocked at the most glaring Dangers that lay in his Path to it. But different Climates have different Senses of Things, and ancient *Greek* and *Roman* Principles are too refined for what they called transalpine *Barbarians*.

We may observe amongst ourselves how neighbouring Nations vary their Sentiments; as for Example, in *Constantinople*, Polygamy is not only legal but laudable; in *London* the poor Bigamist is not only condemnable, but hangable; in *Madrid* Jealousy is counted a virtuous Point of Honour; in *Paris* and *London* it is a vicious Weakness; in *Scotland* Oatmeal and Rebellion are great Cordials to the Mind and Body; in *England* the first is thought Food only for Fowls and Horses, and the last a Practice only fit for Devils. In —, but I must have done with Comparisons, and pursue the main Point, Fame was the sole Reward, which People, living two thousand

Years ago, expected for Bravery and Virtue ; by the Date we may without any other Reason, conclude it is full Time that such antiquated Whims should be out of Fashion, and so they are ; Fame is too thin a Diet for a *British* Stomach, tho' there are, I know, some puny People in *England*, who desire no better a Dish after they have done their Work, I would name some of them, but that I would not put them to the Blush ; Fame is, I will grant, a good pretty Desert after more solid Food, and sits very easily then on the Stomach ; but to have nothing but that to digest, is like living for some Days on Succades and dried Sweetmeats, which give no Nourishment, but rather fill the Ventricle with crude and sour Flatulences.

There is an eminent Doctor, who understands the intellectual System of Mankind, as well as *Boerhaave* did the Animal, who tells us plainly, and in so many Words, that Fame is unwholesome ; and lest the Reader should think I only advance this to support my own Opinion, I will quote his Aphorism in his own Words.

*Fame is unwholesome taken without Meat,
And Life is best sustain'd by what we eat.*

Young. Univers. Passion.

He does not, indeed, here intend to check the Love of Fame, but he advises justly there may be an Addendum ; for though in the Use of the Non-naturals, physically, Simplicity is the first Perfection, it is politically the greatest Fault.

Suppose an honest, hearty, well-appetited Fox-Hunting Squire were invited by some of our very polite People to dine, and that when he expected a full Meal, such as he was used to in the Country, after the pleasing Fatigue of the Chace ; behold, instead of that he finds a dozen Nothings served up in Plate and China, as some fricasied Frogs a-la-mode de *Paris*, Soup Meagre, Bisk. of Sparrows, &c.
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think you the honest Man would not be at a Loss for a Dinner ; and that, if he did fly directly into a Passion, that he would, at least, sigh to himself, and wish for the roast Beef and brown Beer of old *England*? He certainly would, and this is the exact Case of an Entertainment of Fame ; you may as well prescribe a Porringer of *Jus Nigrum*, or *Lacedemonian* Broth to an *English* Stomach, in which it would have just such another Effect as Don *Quixote*'s Balsam had upon his, Wamble and make him sick, and then come up painful to himself, and stinking to all near him ; or pretend to reward a modern Patriot only with Fame ; Beef and Beer have some Solidity, but Fame is a meer Whipt-sillabub. And now Beef and Beer come so happily in our Way, let us inquire how far that excellent Viand and Beverage may tend to the constituting a Patriot, and if they are not really and *bona fide*, some of his component Parts.

To determine where Beef was first roasted, is too nice a Point to be conclusive on ; the first Account that Reading furnishes me with is, the *Jewish* Sacrifices, but whether they roasted it in our Manner or no I will not assert, though we read that there were Spits belonging to the Temple, and therefore I would infer, that it was done in some Measure like our Method ; and this will prove the Antiquity of that Favourite of all true *Britons*, roast Beef.——Though the Receipt for preparing this excellent Dish is neither tedious nor difficult, and easily perform'd by all Names and Nations, yet it seems to be almost the entire Property of his Majesty's *British* Dominions. It seems to have something Sovereign, if not miraculous in its Nature ; for let two *Britons* of good Nature and good Stomach have never so high a Quarrel, the Interposition of a few Friends, and the Presence of a roast Surloin reconciles the contending Parties, and they swallow their Resentment along with their Beef.

Beef. Is a Friendship, desired between two, as yet Strangers one to the other, which Friendship may be useful on both Sides, let them meet over a Rump adorned with Cellary and Horse-Radish, and ply their Knives with good Address, to speak in the *French Mode*, and *Damon* and *Pythias*, *Pylades* and *Orestes*, and all the other Hero's in Friendship in Days of Yore, shall not be able to vie with them. How miraculously have I seen a stately Fore-Rib with its proper Appendages, silence the Noise of the roaring Burgeses of a Country Corporation, giving them the Gravity of Judges, and the Silence of *Pythagoreans*. By thee, most blessed Viand, do Knights, Citizens and Burgeses arrive at the Pinacle of their Desires; by thee Mayors and other Magistrates, are intituled to sleep out Sermon, some in torn and some in furr'd Gowns. By thy Assistance, the Yeoman of the Guards looks fat and fierce, by thee the *British* Soldier fights and conquers, by thee——what is not done by thee? Not Custard itself is more necessary to a Lord Mayor or Sheriff's Feast, than thou art to the general Happiness and Content of *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, but joined to their natural Ally and constant concomitant Beer, you are all in all, and all in every Part.

Though the *Romans* had a Word called *Cervisa*, which some of our Learned translate Beer, I cannot be brought to think that it was the same Composition with ours, for certainly if it was, *Horace*, who loved a Cup of the best, as well as any He of his Times, would have celebrated it in one of his Odes; for he surely would, as all Judges of wholesome and pleasant Drinking do, prefer it to all his Rot-gut *Sabine* or *Falernian* Wines, and I am very well assured that *Julius Caesar*, in the grandest Entertainment at his most magnificent Triumph, never drank a Cup of such Beer as formerly was brewed by honest

Alderman

Alderman *Humphry Parsons*, and now by my worthy and ingenious Friend Mr. *Le Fevre*. I was long at a Loss for the Invention of this staple Liquor of *Great Britain*, and in vain did I consult *Verstegan*, *Herne*, *Thomas*, and all the other venerable Dust and Cobweb-rakers, 'till luckily in a Summer-jaunt to *Wales*, to visit a Relation of mine, who is not only a Pedigree-monger, as most *Welch* Gentlemen are, but is also a Poet and Historian; in his Possession I found a Manuscript in the antient and elegant *British* Language by *Owen ap Shenkin*, ap *Richard*, ap *Thomas*, ap *Griffiths*, cotemporary with *Llewellyn* the famous Prince of *Wales*, where he with great Judgment and Accuracy speaks of the Inventor of Ale and Beer. As there is something pretty curious in it, I transcribe, *Verbatim*, my own Translation of that Part which concerns Beer, and the Translation is, I assure the Readers, as near as our poor Language can approach to that sublime Tongue.

' Ale, for which our Country has been for some Ages famous, owes its Invention, as some would affirm, to that politic and warlike Prince *Owen ap Maddoc*, that first planted Colonies in *Mexico* and *Peru*; I will not contest, but that great Man might have had a Genius equal to such an Invention; but as he wants no Addition to his Fame, it would be unjust in me to conceal the true Author of that Salutiferous and Friend-creating Liquor.

' *Gambrevis*, one of the most antient Kings of *Wales*, which in his Days had its Southern Hills covered over with Vines, whence plenty of delightful Potation was pressed, being at War with the Savage Inhabitants of (the Place called now *England*) the *Barbarians* made a sudden and unexpected Inroad, and amongst other Outrages, destroyed all the Vines, Root and Branch, and of Consequence deprived them of Drink; in this melancholy

' choly State *Gambrevius* applies to *Merlin*, the *Brit-*
 ' *tish* Inchanter, who after having consulted his Fa-
 ' miliar, orders the King to rise the next Morning
 ' at Break of Day, and going out of his Doors to turn
 ' his Face full South, and then closing his Eyes, to
 ' walk, so, a thousand Paces, when opening them,
 ' he should pluck the two first Vegetables he saw,
 ' and infusing them together and boiling them, he
 ' would produce a Liquor superior to the Blood of
 ' the Grape; he obeyed, and the first Vegetables he
 ' saw were Barley and Hops, these he boiled, and
 ' they produced Beer, not like the Liquor we drink;
 ' but after several Experiments he made Malt, and
 ' brought Ale to the Perfection we have it now in.
 ' *Merlin* delivered a Prophecy of it, which may be
 ' seen in the Archives of *Llankidwily*, which I tran-
 ' scribe because it is hard to come at.'

This Juice of Barley shall, I tro,
Lay many a British Head full low;
Both Lord and Peasant it shall thrall,
Nay Kings too, if they drink, shall fall,
And yet no Poison in the Cup,
Unless too much thereof you sup,
Liberty and it go Hand in Hand,
Where'tis the Drink, bless'd be the Land.

Having traced Beer to its Origin, it were needless
 to say more upon it, it wants no Encomiums, for its
 Virtues and Effects are abundantly known; how
 many Friendships doth it contract and then cement,
 it inspires Love and Courage, and be a Man never so
 much an Hypocrite in his Coffee, Tea, or Water,
 he becomes a most sincere open Creature in his Beer;
 how many Anxieties does it chase away! how many
 restless Heads settle! how many watchful Eyes close
 in peaceful Slumbers. Happy, happy *England*!
 where Beef and Beer grow, how should *France*
 with its *Razouts*, or *Spain* with its *Olia Potridas*
 think

think of subduing a Nation whose Strength is supported by Beef, and their Courage raised and confirmed by Beer. They have still in Conjunction another wonderful Property, which is, they have raised up many a Patriot into Light, and are the Test of his Affection to his fellow Citizens; for distributing his Beef and Beer amongst them, he shews his Love to them, and his upright Christian Heart, by doing to others as he would be done by himself, and feeding his Friends with the Food, and filling them with the Liquor in which his Soul delights: And what can his Countrymen do less in Return of his Treatment of them, so like his Brethren, but grant any Request he shall ask them; for what Request can be refused where Beef and Beer are Mediators! and if it be such a Trifle as to represent a Shire, a City, or a Borough, can they reflect upon Surloins and Hogsheds without Ingratitude, if they demur in the least to fulfil his Heart's Desire. Let no-body suppose that this Method of treating the Populace upon publick Occasions is an Innovation, and the Brat of Yesterday: It is as old as the *Roman* Consulate, at which Time upon the like Emergencies, as procuring Suffrages for the Consulship, Edileship, and all the other Ships, the Sportula or Dole was plentiful bestowed to the People both gentle and simple, with many another good Gift besides, as practised at this Day; so that by antient Custom, Prescription and modern Fashion, we may conclude that good Eating and Drinking, and other private Civilities as well as Beef and Beer are the first constituent and component Parts of a Patriot.

After this long, though useful Digression, let us return to the main Subject. We have before observed and allowed that Fame was too thin a Diet, and at the same Time unwholesome for a modern

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Patriot.

Patriot, we have given him Popularity and Power, and now he must procure for himself, the grand *Derniere, Preferment.*

The Ways to this great Point of the Journey of high Life vary as much as the Completions of the several Travellers; though they set out at different Paths, with different Guides and Recommendation, yet they all make to one Spot, as the Lines drawn from the Extremity of a Circle tend all to one Centre, or to speak plainer, as the Spokes of a Coach Wheel strike themselves from the Fellow or Hoop of the Wheel to the Nave or Box. It must then depend upon our Patriot to consider his own Temper and the Temper of his Patron, and act accordingly. I would advise him, though at his first setting out, to find fault with the Conduct of all the high Servants of the State; let him talk a great deal, whether to the purpose or no, not a Farthing's Signification, by this means he will be taken notice of, and as soon as what he aims at is proposed to him, let him decline it full ten Minutes by his Watch, and at the End of the Time prescribed, fasten upon it like a Leech, except he hopes to make a better Bargain; in which he must use his own Discretion: But let him not be tedious, or stand off too long; for I have known some great Men that by such Management have missed the Market, and instead of both Honour and Profits, have at last been fobbed off only with a Title, and as what has once happened may happen again, I would prescribe a good deal of Vigilance and Caution upon this Topic.

Some are preferred for Turbulency, some for Complaisance, some for speaking, some for Silence, some for Honesty, some for the contrary; but there is in this State Warfare one most surprizing Paradox, seen almost every Day, which is, That
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he is sure to rise Highest, and make the greatest Appearance, who can crawl most servilely and is in private Life the most contemptible of all Figures. The Art of Crawling will, I know, at first Sight, appear extremely easy, but when viewed more attentively it will be found to be the most difficult of all the *Agenda* in the Road to Preferment, and the most elegant Performance, when well executed, that is exhibited at a great Man's Levee. If indeed our Idea of Crawling is no other than that of a Man upon all Fours, the merest Foxhunter in *Great Britain* might in two Hours Practice be qualified for the most resplendant Anti-Chamber in *Europe*, and he need have no other Præceptor but his favourite Pointer, to whose Excellence, though, he must never hope to arrive.

But Crawling here, is partly simple in the Sense, and partly metaphoric ; it is, what the *Logicians* call, a *mixed Mode*. The Crawler is to stoop to nothing, but his Leviathan, or great Man, nay scarcely to his Creator ; but this Remark is unnecessary, for he seldom thinks of such Humiliation ; he must be remarkably insolent to all but his Lord, and his Lord's Pimp, and conspicuously servile to them both ; he must not presume to have the perfect Use of any one of his Senses, but must leave the Guidance of them implicitly to his Patron and his Favourite. As if my Lord should say, at twelve at Noon, *Tom, it is a lovely Night* ; I would not advise him to be so palpable as to cry out at once, *Ay, damn me, my Lord, the Moon shines delightfully, it is almost Time for the Masquerade* ; no, let him deliberate a Minute, and then answer doubtfully ; *My Lord, I really apprehend it to be Day, but your Lordship is the best Judge, however I will consult the Almanack to know if it should be Day at this Time of the Year, and at this Hour.* Here he gives a Proof

both of his Obedience and Politeness, and sure he must be dear to a Man who sees he has the Command of his Senses, and may therefore dispose of his Hands, Eyes, or Tongue, just as he pleases.

There is still an indispensable Qualification, without which all other Perfections are of no Value, which is, that, at his first engaging in the Service, he must absolutely cast off and disband, for ever, two very impertinent Companions, *Conscience* and *Honour*, they being fit only for the Society of a few bookish Country-Gentlemen, and as few Country-Parsons. If he has a handsome Wife, Daughter, Niece, or Ward, if his great Man takes a Fancy to any one, or all of them, he must not growl and look sullen, sigh for the Dishonour of his Family, or raise up to himself strange Phantoms of Sin and Scandal, but bless his Stars that gave him so fair an Opportunity of being confirmed in my Lord's good Graces, and do the Duty of the *Kisler Aga*, or first Eunuch, and with Joy lead one or all of them to the Seraglio of his Grand Vizier. Such Actions would, I am sensible, appear detestable in the Eye of some whimsical old-fashioned People, but as they are little acquainted with the superior and more polite World, their Dislike or Approbation is of little or no Consequence with People conversant in the Grand Monde.

The turbulent Gentleman and Speecher, must both act vigorously in their different Spheres, though they both seem to me to be vastly nearly allied, being both, but, Dealers in Words, the one must thunder and threaten, and the other rail and declaim, until, for Peace and Quietness sake, they are both silenced like *Cerberus* with a Sop. I have known so very few rise by Honesty that I shall not speak to that Point, and for them who reach the Top-most round of the Ladder of Greatness by the
Opposite,

Opposite, I have but little Acquaintance with them ; but, I suppose in general they must act, in the Physician's Style, *pro re nata*, according as Circumstances and Occasions vary. And here every Man must be his own privy Counsellor. The last is the happy Man that grows great by Silence ; this Gentleman puts me in mind of the homely Proverb. *The still Sow eats all the Draught*. His Business is very easy, *he must bear and see and say nothing until a certain Sign is given*, and then he has little more to do than rise up, open his Mouth with one Syllable, then sit down and pair his Nails or fall asleep, and sleep he may with Calmness and Composure ; for sleeping or waking his Wages go on.

Some will think those silent Men weak, ignorant, and unlearned, but let me permitted to assure them that, so far from that is it, they are Philosophers and act upon the first and fundamental Principle of *Pythagoras*, whose primary Advice to his Pupils at their Entrance into his School was contained in two most expressive Words ΕΧΗΜΥΘΙΑΝ ΤΕΠΕΙ, in *English*, *hold your Peace*, or govern your Tongue, this Mr. *Prior* merrily alludes to in a Story of his written pretty much upon the Subject I am now handling, in these Words,

Eat your Pudding, Fool, and hold your Tongue.

Thus have I happily, and to my own great Content, and I am vain enough, though Vanity is a Vice little known amongst us Authors, to think to the Delight and Instruction of the Reader, gone through what I proposed in my Title-page, *the Rise, Progress, and Tendency of Patriotism*, I have thrown in too the different Complexions of Patriots, and what is to be expected from them, and chalked out,

out, as it were, the Line by which they should proceed to the great Point ocular, Preferment, and Dignities; there are, indeed passed over in Silence several useful Footpaths, Avenues, and short Cuts, as Murder, Perjury, Dissimulation, Fraud, Perfidy and many others, but these I have wilfully omitted, because I intend shortly to publish in a large Quarto neatly bound and lettered, by Subscription, an *Elenchus*, or Guide to the universal Wish and Hope of Mankind, Advancement, and I doubt not but I shall meet with the Encouragement and Approbation of all the Nobility, Gentry and others in *Europe*, because these Hopes and Wishes are not confined to *Great Britain* only, but are in full Vigour from the rising of the Sun to the going down of the same.

I shall now enter upon a Subject untouched by any as yet, a Subject on which I shall expend the little Remainder of my Learning, for upon a Review of these Sheets I have been sufficiently profuse already. I have used it as a Journeyman Shoemaker does his Money on Saturday Night, he, who is uneasy while any remains, lavishes it whilst it lasts, and then goes to sleep with Content and Resignation. *Dicam insigne recens, indictum ore alio*, as *Horace* says. I'll say something spick and span new: There's more of my Learning; but, dear Reader, do not be impatient, it is almost at an End, for you will see the last and Extent of it in the next Section, for which prepare all your Attention and Sagacity, but as it will be a laborious Piece both to you and me, we will breath a little and get new Spirits, and then proceed, as we have hitherto done, with Life and Humour.

S E C T.

S E C T. V.

IN the former Sections I have demonstrated what valuable Creatures to the publick *Patriots* are, and of Consequence the publick should be under the greatest Care for them ; but, alas ! they are more neglected than even Dogs or Horses ; Dogs have their Doctors and Horses their Farriers, but the *Patriot*, considered simply so, has not had the least Thought employed about him for the Relief of his Disorders. Considering him as a Man, indeed, he has a Physician to cure his Body, but looking upon him as a thinking and argumentative Being, I have as yet never seen any, the least Essay on the Maladies and Cures of his Mind.

The Great *Nich. Machiavil* has left behind him a Manuscript, which by much Interest and Expence I saw in the Library at *Florence*, giving some Hints for reducing the *Patriotical* Diseases into a certain Ratio, and glances at some Methods of Cure ; but whether he grew tired of the Subject or thought it impracticable I know not ; but he stops short in the Middle of his Fifty-sixth Chapter and leaves his Reader in the Dark. However, I gained so much by what I read, that I will attempt to lay down the Prognostics, Diagnostics, and other Symptoms of these Disorders : If I should not succeed, *Est quoddam prodire tenus si non datur ultra*, and the Attempt I shall think meritorious.

To the great and laudable End then, of preserving so very valuable a Body in proper Order for the publick Service, I would propose that a College of political Physicians should be founded and endowed at the publick Expence, in some, the most convenient Part of the Town : I would have it composed of a President and Eleven Members, whose Quali-

Qualifications for their Admittance should be, as it is with our learned College of Body Doctors, Diligence and close Observation of the Processes and Variations of the Disorders with which their Patients are afflicted, and that they be strictly charged, upon Pain of Expulsion, to receive neither Fee nor Reward from the Sick for Medicine or Attendance, but on the contrary, gratify the afflicted with all Things which they themselves shall think proper for their Recovery. This Advice will be found upon a clear Examination, to be most useful, the Case widely differs from that of the Dealers in Chemical and Galenical Preparations, who obtrude *ex cathedra* what Boluses, Pills, Julaps, Cordials, and other Slops they please upon their Patients; for here the Patient is to prescribe for himself, and if his Prescription cannot be exactly complied with, the political Doctor is to shew his Skill and Dexterity in preparing a *Succedaneum*, which may pass upon the Prescriber for the very Thing he directed.

The President and nine of the Members should sit every Day, while two of the most learned of the Fellows, chosen out of the Body, after a competent Examination, should visit the diseased Patriots in their proper Apartments, and report to the sitting Members the Symptoms daily arising upon their Patients, and then enter into a general Consultation for the aptly and concisely treating the Disease.

All the Medicines, whether palpable or potable, shall be found by the Publick, and are to be applied to no other Use but that of the Patriots, who shall receive the Medicines with their own Hands, to whom also shall be granted the Liberty of disposing of them as they please; for once they have touched them, though they should give them to a

Footman,

Footman, a Chambermaid, a Chaplain, a Cousin, Son, or Brother in the Country, they are in a fair and ready Way of Cure, the *Sanative* Intention depending, purely, upon *touching*.

As this political Study of Physick has not hitherto been reduced to any certain Principles, I will take upon me to offer some Hints to that Purpose, though I confess I never practised, because I found it was impossible for me to come at the proper and effectual Medicines on these Occasions, yet however I have, from my Youth upwards, dealt largely in the Theory, and doubt not but some improving Head may, from my Attempts, bring it to such Perfection that we shall see Gentlemen of Parts and Application taking publick Degrees in this Science as they do at present in common Medicine.

The Diseases of this noble Body of Patriots vary just as their Constitutions are, and appear often with the same Symptoms in different People, though their End is not all similar.

The first and general Disorder, and on which all the rest depend, being the first Attack the System always feels, is called by the learned *Greeks*, *Ligomania*, in *English* it may be termed, an intemperate Desire of speaking. There is no particular Period in Life affixed, when this Disease makes its first Appearance ; in some it begins very early, in others late; and perhaps toward the latter End of Life ; it has one strange Particularity, which is, that it seldom or never disturbs the Person affected ; but its most morbidic Venom is the Potion of all round the *Mainiac* ; for he goes on in his Fit to his own great Delight and Recreation, as Men do in Calentures ; for as they take the Sea for green Meadows and Flowers, so he apprehends all he expresses to be a very Garland of all the choicest Pinks, Tulips and Carnations of Rhetorick. They
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who are obliged to attend, find a certain Sensation about their Ears, not unlike that of being nailed to a Pillory, or the delightful Sounds of a cracked Kettle, or the Harmony of a File and Saw. There are some, indeed, who find much Pleasure in him ; but these are few, and that few either reaping or hoping to reap Advantages from the Consequences of his Paroxysms.

This Disorder at first shews itself at Vestry and Session, where the Patient is rather admired than pitied for his Misfortune ; in others it breaks out at an Election Dinner to the Multitude, and in many at the more private Conclave and Collation at a Country Ale-house after a Fox-hunt. Their Performances here are often the Causes of their having a Right to make a Noise and disturb People in Places of more Dignity and Consequence. Its Prognostics are, first a certain Pleasure they are observed to take in their own Words, which they apprehend to be vastly musical and harmonious. Next, an Uneasiness and Impatience, which is extreamly visible in them, when they are under any Necessity of hearing any Body else Talk ; thirdly, a vast Fondness for Contradiction and Argument ; and lastly, a very hearty Contempt for all good Manners and Decency. This Disorder is incurable 'till the Patient is under a Complication, and then, by close Attention to his Words, Hints and Actions, the skilful Physician will quickly come at a Knowledge of his Disorder, its Origin and Cure ; for let it be observed, that the *Logomania*, though to others a very troublesome Piece of Business, and therefore most worthy of the Care of the Doctor, is but the Harbinger of another of a more acute and dangerous Nature ; therefore I would advise, that it be looked into as soon as possible, lest by gathering Strength it may require more Medicine than is worth bestowing on the Patients,

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and ten to one whether the Cure is ever thoroughly perfected.

I have known several very hopeful young Gentlemen, especially in the Coffee Houses about the Temple and St. James's, incurably gone in this Disorder by a blind Indulgence of it, and an Aversion to any Friend who should, in the Honesty of his Heart, urge them to a speedy Course of Medicine and Abstinence, from the bewitching Lunacy of constantly and obstinately collecting Materials for the Support of this wretched Disorder; so far have they been plunged in it, that they were, and are to this Day studiously avoided by all that would live at Quiet, and are now obliged to herd together and torture each other, making always a Battle Royal of it, like so many blind Cocks thrown into one Pit, for the instructive Amusement of his worshipful Drunkenness, the Squire, and the sober Knot of his wife Attendants.

I have observed before, that it is in vain to practise upon this Disease until it become complicated; and the chief Distempers which attend it, though it has many, almost innumerable, Subordinates, are called in Greek, *Kryssophilia* and *Cleodipsis*. The first may be translated, a Love of Treasure or Gold, and the other, a Thirst for Honours, or Titles. It will be no very easy Matter to be able to determine which of these too are complicated with the first, for though it most commonly finds a Companion in one or both of them, yet, when the Distemper begins to shew itself with Violence, it is hard to conclude which is predominant, but if both act with the same Vigour upon the System, the Case is almost desperate, for the Cure will take up the Devil and all of Medicine, too rich to be disposed of at random. I know indeed, that some Men are so hardy of Constitution, that they cannot be moved by

a Dose less strong, than a large Compound of the Specificks, requisite for the Cure of both the last mentioned Disorders, but this happens but seldom, though every Patient prescribes for himself the same Dose.

All the Doctor's Skill is here put upon the full Stretch, and his first Business is to eradicate and drive out with all his Art one of the Complicated. I would, were I to undertake a Cure, endeavour by all proper Proceedings to banish the *Krysophilis*, for that is an insatiate Disease, and for ever crying out for fresh Supplies of Physick; whereas, in the *Cleomainia*, though the Medicine have a pompous and great Appearance, yet it is in Effect a mere Nothing, costing little, and thrown sometimes with Contempt to the Patient, who is never the better for it, to his own Knowledge; though the short-sighted World think him vastly happy in having obtained so elegant a Prescription, and honour him for his good Luck, not knowing that he often sighs to himself, and wishes him at the Devil who advised him to such a frothy Whipt-syllabub Course of Physick.

As soon as the Complication is perceived, which may be denoted, by more than usual Violence of Speech, more Haughtiness in his Looks, and Bitterness in his Words, the Physician must leave him as little as possible, indulge him in all his Wantonnesses of Harangue or Railing, and observe with a very careful Eye the Bent of his Desires or Inclinations, for it is a thousand to one whether he ever tells you, bluntly, what he would be at, and therefore from Symptoms you must form Conclusions, such as may assist the Patient.

It is a received and approved Maxim in the Art of Chirurgery, that in Cases of Fractures and Fissures in the Scull; when the Contusion or Wound is but little, and the Patient too Senseless to inform the

the Doctor where to apply, that then it is his Business to watch where ofteneft he lays his Hand, and in all Probability he may hit upon the affected Place. As this is a good and laudable Art to find out the Wound in the natural Body, fo a very good Hint may be taken from it in Regard to the Body political. As for Example; Suppose the Doctor walks his Patient into the Park, let him observe where he fixes his Eyes moft attentively and wifhfully; if he turns his Face towards *Westminster*, and gazes earnestly on a large Building of *Portland Stone*, if then he gives two or three hearty Grumbles, and God d—n me's, curses the Robbers of the Publick, claps his Hand into his Pocket, draws out a Parcel of Shillings or Copper, falls to counting them with much Gravity and Circumfpection, and artfully conveys a pretty Number to another Pocket, as if one Hand were stealing from the other, rest assured, Brother Doctor, the *Kryfophilia* is his Malady, and until that is applied to, the *Logomania* must be the Plague of you and the whole Neighbourhood. Now in this Case I would direct that his Phyfick for the *Kryfophilia* be given him gradually, begin with a little, and raife it but a little, for it is not the Quantity, but the Frequency of the Dose is useful. I have myself known feveral Men loft by the large Dose, falling into dangerous and obstinate Relapses, which only have been cured by using my Method of frequent, small Doses. Or if the Course seem too tedious, take him by the Hand, lead him into that same Building which is called the Treasury, introduce him into some snug Room or Place there, and let him play and divert himself with any Thing he can find about the House, and my Life for yours, he comes to himself in a few Days, grows a mannerly Man, of few Words, and will, like a good Boy, do any Thing you bid him. If he turns his Eyes the
contrary

contrary Way towards *Charing Cross*, begins a learned Dissertation upon Cordage, Masts, Anchors, Fleets and Mismanagement, indulge him in the hearing his Discourse; offer no Arguments against him, except that you apprehend, if he were more thoroughly acquainted with Affairs, though you do not directly doubt his Wisdom and Capacity, he would conceive differently of Things; and for his further Satisfaction, you will let him into the Secret, and some Part of the Management of those Matters he seems so much disgusted at; he will hear you attentively, be assured; then be as good as your Word; let him enter into the Joys of his Master, and quickly you will find him the strongest Stickler against his former Opinions. The Cure is finished, *probatum est*.

A Knowledge of the Patient afflicted with the *Cleomainia*, is to be entered into the same Way; watch him closely, and observe whether Heraldry, Accounts or Oeconomy is his most favourite Study: If he is in Love with the Pageantry of Arms, he will frequently talk of his Ancestry, tracing it just as the Whim for the Moment runs, from the *Danes*, *Saxon* or *Normans*; if any Man of his Name has been remarkable in Land or Sea-Fight, expect that he claims Kindred with him, though related, perhaps, as little as you and I are, most judicious Reader. This Patient's Disorder arises from an Uneasiness of Heart in him or his Wife, of being ranked with their honest Neighbours in the Country, and having no particularly distinguishing Mark upon their Carriage, whether Coach or Chariot: The Physician then is to observe whether the Frenzy is strong or weak, if the latter, the Cure is easy and free from much Expence. It is but administering to him a large Scroll of Parchment, with a very great uncommon Seal thereto appending, which shall entitle him,

him, and his Heirs Male, to be the haughtiest and least useful People in the Parish, to have the largest Pew in the Church, to Brow-beat the Parson, despise the neighbouring Squires, (except when he has a particular Use at a particular Season for their Vote and Interest, as the Phrase is,) and to wear in their Escutcheon a bloody red Fist, to the great Awe of his Neighbours and Joy of his Family; he is immediately relieved, and you may turn him loose as a good Man, and true, sound-winded and limb'd, and their Friend upon all lawful Occasions by Day or by Night. If the Disorder is a little more accute, you shall observe him frequently to raise his Hand to his Head, speak of Velvets, Golden Circles, Pearl and Ermine: He is, though not in a very desperate State, yet in one something difficult to the Physician, for it will be hard to find at which Stage of Crimson Velvet his Malady directs; therefore, I think, in this Case the *Tiara Gentis Minoris* is fit to be administered to him; if the Fit is intense he will directly grasp it, but if one heetical, he will chaffer for that *Gentis Superioris*. Consider if he is worth the Physick, if so, let it be made a Cataplasm, and applied to his Head, and in all Human Probability he will be raised from his Malady, and this will be a Sovereign and Family Nostum with him and his Heirs for ever.

In this Cure you are to observe, that if the Patient, after his Recovery, should not become useful, he is at least incapacitated of being troublesome; and though he may do some Good, yet you have put it out of his Power ever more to do Mischiefe. I knew my self a certain late Patriot cured of this Distemper according to my Prescription, who was so awful to the Multitude, that he who used to be huzza'd and rung into all the Parishes within Twenty Miles of his Home: At his Discharge from this Political Hospital,
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and the Perfection of his Cure, passed down with all the Tranquillity imaginable; and so strongly was he revered for his late Acquisitions, both of Honours and Wisdom, that after three Months spent at his Seat in the Country, not a single Squire or Parson, drunken Burgefs or sturdy Freeholder, has the Courage to break in upon his Honour's Retirement.

All that remains to be said of this Gentleman, is, that if he should Relapse he is not worth the Physician's farther Notice, and therefore let him stroll about at Liberty, except his more immediate Friends or Relations should think it proper to confine him for the Recovery of his Understanding; and it is ten to one whether ever he recovers it, or not; for the Application of the Medicine for his first Fit is most detrimental, except the Constitution is good, be the Doctor never so skilful, and is apt for ever after, not only in him, but also in his Posterity, to affect the Brain more or less, as Multitudes of Valitudinarians at this Day living can amply testify.

There is a Species of melancholy Madness to which these worthy Creatures are subject, which appears by fullen Looks this Moment, and smiles the next; but always, whether in Smiles or Frowns, they are noted to have a constant Spasm or catching in their Hands, which violently grasp, and with the greatest Force detain whatsoever they lay hold on, few Things there are which they do not snap at. You shall observe these Lunaticks fond of playing with Keys, and white Wands, and such Kind of Trumpery, for ever whispering and bowing, but particularly to those that they do not care three Farthings if the Devil had; flushed with Colour and Spirit, with a Bow from their Doctor, but dejected into Paleness and Sighs if he seems in the least to neglect them, especially in Publick. In this Case a gradual Course of Promises is very expedient, some Nods or Smiles

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in publick, and a daily Repitition of the Promise-Cordial in private: This Medicine, tho' at first very grateful, will in the End grow nauseous, and intolerable, therefore after the Body is pretty well prepared by a Year or two's course of it, let the State Physician give a Key or a white Rod, it will divert the Patient's Melancholy and probably make a Cure of him, but be it how it will, there is no great Risque run, if, in Case, the Patient does not answer Expectation, it is but taking the favourite Bauble from him, and let him even go hang or drown himself, which he pleases, or growl away his Life and Sorrows together at home in the Country, with March-Beer, Backgammon and Tobacco.

The last Species of my sick Patriots, *viz* the senatorial Fox-hunters, have for Time out of Mind been only committed to the Care of Farriers and Dog-Doctors. This, I must confess, is to me Matter of the greatest Surprize: The most of these Patriots are Hereditarily so, and are permitted to enter the greatest Assembly by Prescription, as it were, because their Grandfather did the same by the Authority of their Great Grand Fathers, as a Citizen has his Freedom without Servitude, by Virtue of his Father's Copy. Now some Care should be taken of them, who are most of them, like Sir *Francis Wronghead*, willing to serve their King as well as their Country, and are greatly disgusted if they do not perform both these honourable Offices. Their Disorder is known to many by the Name of the *Sullens*. In this Case I would not have the State Physician himself to appear, but to act by Deputy, who should be the keenest Sportsman in Town, and who had broke a Leg, a Collar Bone, and a Thigh in the Service; if both his Arms had suffered the same Fate, and his Skull had received a small Fracture it would greatly conduce to his Influence over

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them: His Business will be to cry up the great Affection his Worship, the Doctor, has for them, that if it should happen they wanted Physick they may have it *gratis*; but, damn it, they are Men of sound Constitutions, and need it not; but, by G—, if they should, he will suffer himself to be hanged in the Lash of a hunting Whip, like a babbling Cur, if his Worship fail them. I think this must have the Effect, but if it should fail, which is very rarely, let him administer the Promise-Cordial boldly and liberally, wash it down with half a Dozen Bottles, and a genuine Account of the Deer, Fox, or Hare by which he received his noble Hurts, a general Invitation to his *October* and Venison in the Country, and I defy any Squire, that is a meer Squire, to be Proof against such Medicine. His Heart will open and his Countenance clear up, and he will be found to be active or passive just as the Occasion shall require and he shall be instructed.

I had like to have passed over in Silence a worthy Set of Lovers of the Publick, who are called by themselves *Redressers of Grievances*, and by the prejudiced World, *Rebels*. The Symptoms, in this Case are flagrant, and the poorest Dealer in Medicine, from the celebrated *Turner* to the famous Dr. *Taylor*, can immediately find them out. But lest I should leave Mankind in the Dark upon this important Occasion, I will tell them, that the first Symptomatic is vulgarly called the *Heart-burn*; it then proceeds to a Hickup, by Physicians called a *Convulsion of the fibrous System of the Stomach*. My former Patients acted singly, these do by Conspiracy, as our ingenious Performers of Leger-de-Main. This worthy Person never appears singly, you are always to expect to find him in a Crowd, he is fond of Sword, Musquet and Pistols, and has, if you will believe him, no other Intention but that of making
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all Mankind happy, by the prudent Expedient of cutting Throats and putting the whole Community into Confusion.

The Cure of this Person must be considered with great Sagacity. If a Nobleman, a Course of Steel properly used, and by Way of an acute Cataplasm, applied by a proper Actor to the Neck, is an infallible Medicine; if a Commoner, the cooling Seeds, both Root and Branch, will never fail.

I affirm that I have seen them applied with the utmost Success, and this Medicine has so happy and quick an Effect, that several Persons disordered to Desperation have been cured; some one Minute, others, at the greatest Extent, in Ten. Our Physician must here act again by Deputation, let him prescribe, and let his Apothecary in Chalybeates and Seeds, Root and Branch, apply topically, *secundum Artem*.

Thus have I gone through this difficult Subject to the Delight of the Reader, I hope, as well as myself: I would now proceed farther to a Calculation how long the Spirit of *Patriotism* can exist in a true Modern; but as I intend that, with a Disquisition on the Marks of a Person fit for being made a Patriot, for another Treatise of equal Worth to this, I conclude and take my Leave of you with the same Friendship I met you.

Vale Lector, & memor esto mei.

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